

A vvell vvishing to a place of pleasure.

To an excellent new Tune.



See the building,
where whilst my mistress liued in,
was pleasures essence,
See how it doo peth,
And how nakedly it looketh
without her presence:
Euery creature
That appertaines to nature,
hout this house liuing,
Doth resemble,
If not dissemble,
Due praises giuing.
Marke, how the hollow
Winde do blow
and seeme to murmur,
in euery corner,
for her long absence:
The which doth plainly shew
The causes why I do now
All this grief and sorrow them,

See the garden,
Where I receiue reward in,
for my true loue:
Behold those places,
Where I receiue those graces,
the Gods might moue
The Queene of plenty
With all the fruits are daintie
delights to please.

Flora springing,
Is euer bringing
Come Venus ease,
Oh see the Arbour where that she
with melting kisses
distilling blisses,
From her true selfe,
with ioy did ravish me.
The pretty Pightwale
did sing melodiously,

Vaile to those Groues,
Where I inioyde those loues
so many dayes
Let the flowers be springing
And sweet birds euer singing
their Roundelaites,
Many Cupids measures
And cause for true Loues pleasures,
be dancd around,
Let all contentment
For mirths presentment,
this day be found:
And may the grasse grow euer green,
where we two lying
haue oft been trying,
More seuerall wayes
then beauties lovely Queen,
When she in bed with Mars
by all the Gods was seen.

45. 6. 28. 356.

A vvell vvishing to a place of pleasure.

To an excellent new Tune.



See the building,
where whilst my mistress liued in,
was pleasures essence,
See how it doth peth,
And how nakedly it looketh
without her presence:
Euery creature
That appertaines to nature,
hout this house liuing,
Doth resemble,
If not dissemble,
Due praises giuing.
Marke, how the hollow
Winde do blow
and seeme to murmur,
in euery corner,
for her long absence:
The which doth plainly shew
The causes why I do now
All this grief and sorrow them,

See the garden,
Where I receiue reward in,
for my true loue:
Behold those places,
Where I receiue those graces,
the Gods might moue
The Queene of plenty
With all the fruits are daintie
delights to please.

Flora springing,
Is euer bringing
Come Venus ease,
Oh see the Arbour where that she
with melting kisses
distilling blisses,
From her true selfe,
with ioy did ravish me.
The pretty Pightwale
did sing melodiously,

Vaile to those Groues,
Where I inioyde those loues
so many dayes
Let the flowers be springing
And sweet birds euer singing
their Roundelaites,
Many Cupids measures
And cause for true Loues pleasures,
be dancd around,
Let all contentment
For mirths presentment,
this day be found:
And may the grasse grow euer green,
where we two lying
haue oft been trying,
More seuerall wayes
then beauties lovely Queen,
When she in bed with Mars
by all the Gods was seen.

45. 6. 28. 356.

An Inconstant Female.

With a reward of her disdain in equalitie.
To the same tune.



Loving mortall,
In love I here exhort all,
in that estate:
Love is wastfull,
But everlasting
is womens hate.
Why then live ye,
O; wherefore alwaies giue ye
your teares and prayers
To fond woman,
Whose minde, so common,
respects no teares.
Oh be wile, and be aduis'd
by one hath seen them,
by one hath known them,
by one hath found them
And their loves so small,
For what must parted be,
To me is nought at all.

Once I loved
But thousand times haue proued
a curious Faire
Helenes feature
Beares this coy creature
and Venus hate,
Cupids dandling,
Her tender breasts handling,
betwixt them lies,
Ioue pursued,
The more I viewed,
loue did more rise.
She did feed me with delay,
and swore to haue me,
not once to leaue me,
but bow'd to loue me,
With the like reipe,
When she another sweet-heart
Better did affect,

Void of sorrow,
A patience pure I borrow,
and wait the time:
She neglectfull,
Of some respectfull,
both let me pine,
Ioue increased,
But could not be released,
the more I sue,
She vngratefull.
To me turns hatefull
false, faire, untrue
Spend I loue, or time of feares,
I am neglected,
not once respected,
but quite reiected,
And can nothing gaine,
But false dissembling loue,
O; fond to loue in vaine

Now a Troilus
I still must liue, yet toyless
of Cresida:
Loves mistaken,
And I forsaken,
am left for aye:
Faith she fed me,
Till my Daphne fled me,
with swiftest wings,
Faith she proued,
But false she loued
so Sycens sings (vntrue,
But now my Loue hath proued
disdaining pittie,
to one so wittie,
He sing this ditty,
Thus the nace hall sound,
False-heartedickle warden
Ae better last then found.

FINIS.